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PAINTING OF ANIMALS.

There is scarcely a doubt that the painting of animals would have been made a separate department of art, if many eminent historical painters, such as Rubens and Schneder, had not proved that those studies which have for their object the habitual representation of man conduce in an equal degree to the able delineation of the lower animals. By a parity of reasoning, landscape and portrait painting are not looked upon as separate divisions, for many great historical painters, Poussin for example, have excelled in these also. But in reality, there can be no well-grounded reason for refusing to acknowledge as "genre," a field of art so important, and which calls for special study, both long and laborious, and which has of itself been a sufficient foundation for great reputations.

In the last century, some writers admitted the existence of nine classes of painting,—history, battles, marine, portrait, architecture, decoration, animals, landscape, and flowers. One would suppose at first sight, that this arrangement was purely

better grace within the domain of the chiefs of nations, the successors of the heroes of the drama, that they may thus have before them salutary warnings and examples. But as to us, simple citizens, it is enough if our eyes rest upon modest landscapes, the soothing charms of our leisure hours, and in nearly every case the goal of our labour and ambition."

We doubt if many American or English readers will agree with the above. A calmer, soberer, and more rational feeling directs our taste. We do not single out any *genre* as the object of our admiration, and speak contemptuously of all others. What we look for in the works of our artist, no matter to what class he may belong, is a truthful, sincere, beautiful, and powerful expression of the life which animates not man only, but the whole creation. In the midst of the whirl and bustle of town life, when wandering, *ennuye* or fatigued, through any of our galleries, who does not stop involuntarily before the paintings which represent rural scenes, and remember, regret, and desire to be there, fancy himself gazing upon cows lazily



LANDSCAPE AND ANIMALS. FROM A PAINTING BY TROYON.

arbitrary, and that there was no valid reason for placing history and battles in the first rank, and landscape and flowers in the lowest. But a little observation of the manners of the time will show that such was not the case. The fact is, it was the former alone which were considered noble, or which elevated those who cultivated them, in the estimation of society. Paul Potter was a suitor for the hand of the daughter of Nicholas Balkenede, and in the ardour of his passion cast himself at her father's feet and implored his permission to become his son-in-law. "One who paints beasts and not men," was the cold reply, "is not worthy of the daughter of an architect." "Take away those maggots," said Louis XIV., with an air of offended dignity, upon seeing some of Teniers' *chef-d'œuvre* placed in his gallery beside the pompous allegories of Lebrun, and the battles of Vander Meulen. A French writer of the present day has attempted to justify the monarch's exclamation in the following passage:—

"It is not verdure, or trees, or hamlets which should adorn the interior of palaces; historical painting enters with at far

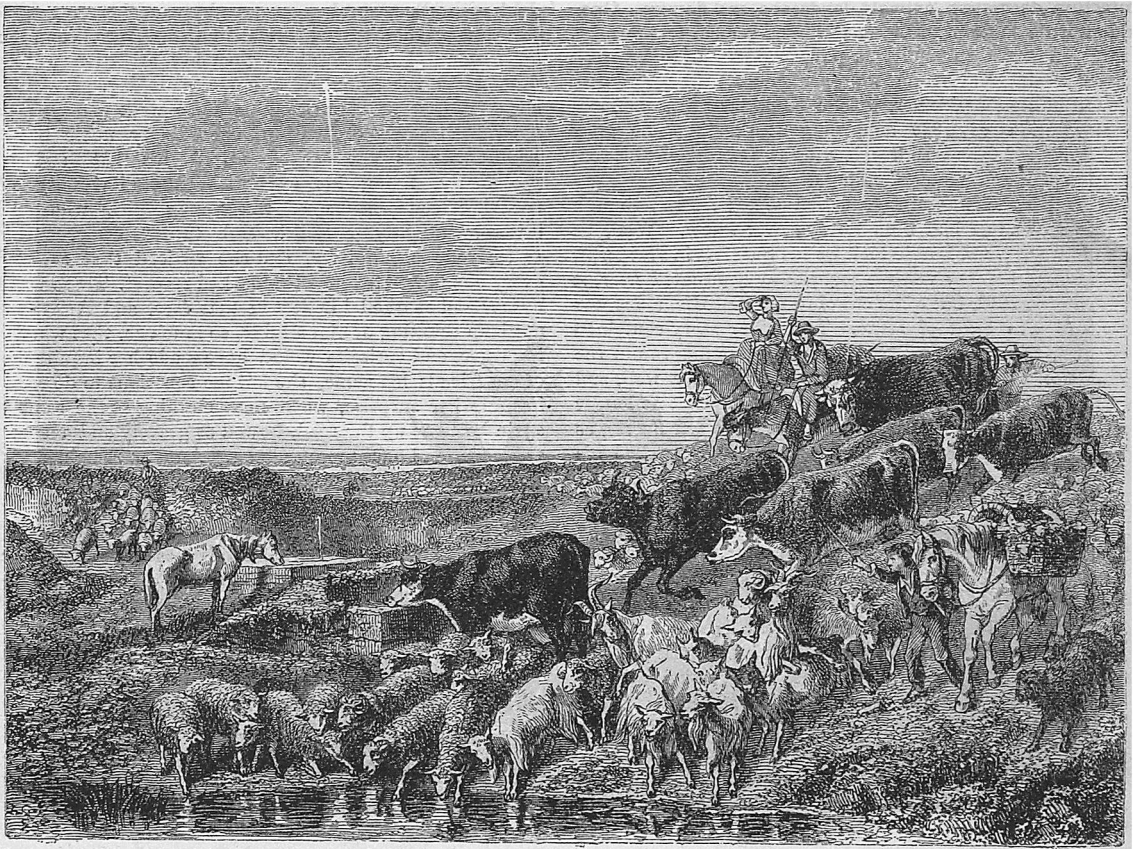
chewing the cud, under the shade of the spreading trees, or the fresh earth upturned by the ploughman and his panting, smoking team. Whatever pleasure we receive in these few moments during which our imagination carries us away, we owe to the truth and sincerity of the painter. A French artist, M. Troyon, has fully displayed the characteristics which we have been attempting to describe. Some years ago he exhibited some paintings at the Louvre, which excited considerable surprise by the boldness of their style; which, however, soon subsided into admiration, because it was founded upon a real originality, upon choice but natural effects, and great power in colouring. He has not abandoned landscapes to paint animals. Those qualities alone which laid the foundation of his reputation, continue to support it. In rambling in the country, gazing on the woods, meadows, and horizon, the landscape painter often meets with scenes such as that represented in our engraving; in the back ground a waggon load of hay; in the foreground, cows rushing furiously forward upon the poor fagged and frightened sheep; the

angry herdsman, and the dog, his policeman, endeavouring to protect the oppressed plebeians, and restore order. Our engraving well represents the leading features of this rustic *emeute*, but it cannot reproduce the warm and vivid light which in the original plays upon the cattle, making them stand out in relief against the sky, which, for the sake of contrast without doubt, the painter has made rather dull and heavy. The breath of nature animates the whole scene, and the plain and the herd have power in awakening a poetic sentiment in the spectator, who would stand cold and unmoved before a battle or a mythological reminiscence.

Our second engraving is from a painting by Palizzi, an Italian artist, and is much of the same nature as the former one.

Palizzi was born at Naples, and in that gay and beautiful town commenced his first studies of art. In about seven or eight

coming down pell-mell in hot haste towards a ford,—sheep, goats, cattle, pushing and leaping in mad confusion. This moment of disorder in approaching the water affords a good opportunity for displaying liveliness and diversity in the movements and postures of the animals. The sheep which have first arrived at the brink have a physiognomy totally different from that of the others, and even the grey of their wool possesses a difference of hue, without, however, any affectation, and at the same time with great truth of tone. The uniformity which might have been produced by the angular outlines of the principal group of animals on the height, overtopped by the young girl on horseback looking away to the horizon, is softened and relieved by the view to the right, where a horse is drinking at his ease, regardless of the bleating, bellowing multitude, and the animation depicted in the foreground. A lively light is thrown over the whole scene, so as to allow



RETURNING FROM THE FAIR. DRAWN BY FREEMAN, FROM A PAINTING BY PALIZZI.

years afterwards he removed to Paris, where, as an Italian and painter, he was received with great cordiality by all the artists; but his earliest works were by no means admired. Many thought they could perceive in them great harshness, coldness, and conventionalism. These criticisms, did not, however, discourage Palizzi. They were in a great measure just, and he had the good sense not to quarrel with, but to profit by, them, and therefore resumed his labours with fresh vigour and greater experience. The amount of success which he achieved at the next exhibition was amply sufficient to reward his labour and self-denial. He made his debut, as Diderot said of Louthembourg, by following the same line as old Berghem.

This painting, which our engraving reproduces, is well conceived; the accidents of the ground are ably arranged, so as to give at the same time depth and variety to the canvas. The cattle and sheep, bought at a fair in a neighbouring town, are

us to appreciate the striking qualities of the picture even in the minutest details—the fineness of the colouring and the correctness of the drawing.

The works of these two artists present a favourable contrast to those of most of the French school at the present day, “in which,” as has been well remarked, “the mischievous effects of an inordinate rage for copying the antique are too notorious for anything but the blindest prejudice to overlook or tolerate. It seems, indeed, to be the fate of this school to be ever in extremes. Formerly they were tawdry coxcombs; now they affect to be the plainest Quakers in art; formerly they absurdly endeavoured to invest sculpture in all the rich ornaments of painting; now they are for shearing painting of her own appropriate beams, and reducing her to the hard and dry monotony of sculpture; formerly their figures were obscured by splendid colours, buried under huge masses of gorgeous draperies, flying in all directions, and lost amid

columns, arcades, and all kinds of pompous and misplaced magnificence; now they glue their draperies to the figure, paste the hair to the head in all the lumpish opacity of coloured plaster; nail their figures to a hard unbroken ground, and avoiding everything like effect and picturesque composition, often place them in a tedious row from end to end of the picture, as nearly like an antique bas-relief as possible."

WAEN BAERLE, THE BUTTER MAN.

In a frontier village of Alsace, called Mardorpt, resided not many years ago, that is to say, some time in the present century, a Dutchman. During the wars of the Revolution he had been taken prisoner, married a French woman, and settled down at Strasburg as a dealer in money. He was a *changeur*. He changed notes for gold, and gold for notes, bought up old coins, bullion, advanced money on small properties, but, above all, lent little sums on security, at high interest, to the poor. He was, in fact, a surreptitious pawnbroker. In this way he amassed wealth, and became a proprietor. At the age of fifty he found himself a widower, with a daughter and a son, and the Revolution of 1830 happening at the time, he grew alarmed, retired from business, leaving to Jean Baerle, his son, a small capital and his outstanding debts.

The Dutchman was always called Waen Baerle, though what his real name had been no one ever knew. Well, be this as it may, Waen Baerle took up his quarters in Mardorpt, a small out-of-the-way village, picturesquely situated near, it is true, a high road, but quite out of its sight. His house was pretty. It was built of stone. The lower story contained four rooms, the second but two, a balcony running round the whole house. By the side was a court-yard with a well, and behind was a large garden, which now that he dealt no longer in gold, became the favourite amusement of Waen Baerle, as well as of Annette his daughter. Here Waen smoked his Holland pipe, while looking to the growth of his cabbages, potatoes, and other vegetables, which with fruit and flowers divided the space. Annette willingly aided in tending the flowers, but as, while dealing in precious metals, Waen had not gone very deeply into the mysteries of gardening, he was compelled to call in old Pierre, from time immemorial gardener to the little proprietors of the village. Waen soon knew all who resided in Mardorpt, and had selected his acquaintances. He grew even intimate with several families, and had them hospitably of an evening to see him. There were old fogies to smoke with, or to play at cards, and young ones to admire Annette at her piano, or to laugh over loto, or to talk of the latest news, and other such recondite topics of conversation as occur in villages. All the respectable young men of the place contrived to get introduced at different times, the maire's son, the three proprietors' sons, the young officers on leave of absence,—and all were, ere long, suitors for the hand of the money-changer's daughter, who was to have a goodly share of his fortune, which was considerable, and well invested.

And Annette was well worthy of the admiration she excited. She was a pretty girl of twenty, fair, with blue eyes, that sparkle brightly, and a heart as bright as her eyes. She was a model of a daughter. Good-tempered, quick, affectionate, she was the delight of the Dutchman, who, despite his somewhat doubtful calling, was at bottom a good man. He kept a maid-servant, a man to look after his horse and queer old cabriolet, and a little girl to wait on Annette, but he was never happy but when his daughter performed little offices for him. It was she who gave him his coffee of a morning, it was she who looked up his linen, about which he was very particular; it was she who transferred his tobacco from a thick blue paper parcel to a brown pot with quaint figures on it, and who every morning placed his pipe, with neatly-cut paper lights, on a table near his hand. Then she would read and play music, or sow or run in the garden, or visit the dames and damsels of the village, and thus was very happy, showing no desire to leave her home, or

to listen to the protestations of any sweetheart of them all. And so she told them, laughingly; and yet still they came, with good-humoured perseverance, the young lieutenant of hussars asking only three months to carry the citadel by storm.

One of Annette's passions was a love of birds. She had turned the whole of her great balcony into an aviary. Well roofed over, with wire sides, shutters inside, and glass windows, it was stocked inside with trees, bushes, and flowers, on which perched canaries, linnets, and other feathered songsters, with one or two pet doves. Early of a morning Annette would step into her aviary from her bed-room, to the great delight of the whole winged tribe, who would rush towards her, perch on her shoulders and arms, in expectation of her morning meal. Seen through a glass window, that reached from roof to floor, Annette looked charming indeed in her morning costume—a straw hat with ribbons, a short petticoated dress, white stockings and sandals,—and all who passed could not but gaze with pleasure.

About a year after her arrival in the village, Annette was thus occupied one morning, when her attention was drawn without by the sound of a horse galloping. Looking out, she saw, just about making his horse walk gently, a young man, handsomely dressed, of exceedingly noble but grave mien, who as she looked raised his hat and bowed profoundly, fixing his eyes with extreme vivacity on the speaking countenance of the young girl, who blushed crimson, slightly curtsied, and turned away. The cavalier rode on, quietly, and she noticed that as he went every one bowed to him with marked respect. There was great beauty and marked intellect in that face, and Annette could not help thinking of him all day, so much so, that when evening came, and curiosity would have made her inquire of some of her friends his name, she felt too conscious to do so. But, imagine her surprise, when, next morning at the same hour, again he came up the road, bowed as gravely and respectfully as before, and once more rode on. Annette remained looking after him thoughtfully. At the end of a week, the same occurring every day, Annette grew alarmed. She felt a mysterious interest in the stranger. Was it love? No! She knew neither his name, nor his character. His countenance was unfamiliar to her. It could not then be one of her suitors, trying this mode of exciting her attention. She often thought of the saying of the hussar, but was sure that the change from uniform to plain clothes could not make such a difference in any one. It was not love, then, but it was curiosity. She was intrigued, worried, mystified, nay, alarmed. She had good sense and education enough to know that such feelings often end unwillingly in passion, and she resolved to appear no more when he passed. But this would look as if she were offended or frightened, and neither feeling did she wish to manifest. She therefore continued at her daily work, quietly returned the bow he made, and tried to think then of something else.

It was in vain. She did think of him, weary herself about him, and that until her usual pleasures became vain, until she forgot her father's pipe of a morning, and gave him unsweetened coffee. One morning, however, while at breakfast, she noticed that her father was very pale, his eyes were red, and he refused his coffee.

"But what is the matter with you, *mon petit papa*?" asked Annette, anxiously.

"I don't know, *chere*. But I did not sleep last night, my head swims, I feel hot and feverish, I must go to bed."

And to bed he went, and Annette sent for the doctor. While waiting for his arrival, she watched her father, who got worse every hour. He talked at random, much about his poorer clients, whom he had somewhat hardly used, and said he was an old miser, a usurer, and God would never forgive him. Annette was dreadfully distressed, for she knew not what to do. At last the doctor came, and he saw that the old man had an attack of brain fever, for which he at once began treating him. No other thought now for poor Annette but her father; she never left his side all that day and the next night. About morning he slept, and Annette was about to seek